The Veſtry Dinner.

A New Song.

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CHURCHWARDEN I've been—let me ſee,
Very often, you know tis a place of mu.h
t uſt,
And it's monſtrous fatigues, and it's hardſhips
To ſoften, we eat, aye and drink, till we burſt;
We meets, and we talks about how and concarning,
As ſpokeſman I'm always begin'er,
But never ſo pleas'd as to give out this warning—
Next Monda,'s a veſtry dinner.

CHORUS.

And none but an ill foul-mouth'd fellow'd abuſe,
A ſnug little dinner, a ſnug little dinner, and plenty
of booze.

At jobs, pariſh-meetings, how oft I've attended.
And talk'd till I chatter'd my fill,
As how things were ſo bad that they ought to be
mended,
But firſt we all ſwallow'd our jill;
For why, talk's fatiguing, and moiſture is wanting
By all ſpeakers, or elſe I'm no ſinner,
And to make us more thirſty, to hear we're all
panting,
Next Tueſday's a veſtry dinner.

When talking of paupers, it ſo hurts one's feel-
ing,
Indeed I'm not dealing a flam,
So preys on the nervous, you'll oft ſee us reeling,
Tho' nothing we've touch'd but a dram:
But ere we have ſettled about the relieving,
Each famiſh'd and half-ſtarv'd poor ſinner,
I cries, in the midſt of our ſorrow and grieving,
Next Wedneſday's a veſtry dinner.

Feaſts on Thurſday, and Friday, and Saturday
follow,
On buſineſs tis always we dine,
Well fed arguments, folk ſay your ſtarv'd talk beats
hollow,
When moiſten'd with tongue-oiling wine;
Then who'd not be warden, who breathes in his
ſenſes,
Fine picking he'll find on the bone,
Ev'ry week day I feaſt upon pariſh expences,
And on Sunday I ſtarve on my own.